

MOTHER! MOVE CHILD'S BOWELS



"California Fig Syrup" is
Child's Best Laxative

Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love the "fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup." A teaspoonful never fails to clean the liver and bowels. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all the souring food and nasty bile out of the stomach and bowels, and you have a well-playful child again.

Millions of mothers keep "California Fig Syrup" handy. They know a teaspoonful to-day saves a sick child to-morrow. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup," which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California," or you may get an imitation fig syrup.



Impulse Dodds' Christmas
F.H. Sweet

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TOMMY Dodd, "Impulse Dodds," cattleman, was in Chicago, with his big sale over. And even in Chicago, where slight-seeing cattlemen were common, Impulse Dodd was a noticeable figure, with his six feet odd, free money ways, and almost perpetual smile.

He paused in front of a small, narrow store, whose one window was full of toys. Inside, the counter and shelves were packed with the same kind of goods.

"Just Santa," said Impulse, aloud. "Believe I'll go in."

He closed his fingers tightly and pushed open the door with his thumb, stiffly extended.

"Put in his thumb," he grinned, "and does he pull out a plum?"

In the shop were two men, the one in front of the counter loud-voiced and threatening. "Well," this one was grinning, as Impulse entered, "I'll give you just two more days to meet your bill, till the day after Christmas. If you don't pay me in full then, I will take possession."

As the man stalked out, Impulse used his right foot and swung it back and forth thoughtfully.

"Can I show you anything, sir?" he asked a moment later, as Impulse turned to the counter with a half-regretful frown on his face, adding: "It's just as well you didn't do it, sir. He's a very vindictive man."

"That so? Then I sure wish I had. I don't generally hold back on things, but this city's getting me right scared. I've reined up unusual the last three days. Now 'bout the toys. That man's talk is so busy unraveled. I reckon you'll sell cheap?"

"At almost your own price, sir. There is only this one day to sell, and I can't hope to do enough. I've seen failure for a week past, though for a while I did hope to come out in condition to start again. Now what can I show you?"

"Well, not only one solitary thing in particular, I reckon," scanning the shelves judiciously. "They all look right enticing, and what I didn't buy would make me feel sorry to look at. What'll you take for the bunch?"

The storekeeper moved along the counter, trying to arrange his goods more attractively.

"Look around all you want to," he said amiably. "And there is an easy chair back yonder where you can sit and rest, if you like."

Impulse followed him.

"No wonder you can't sell, if you treat all customers like me," he complained. "Now, see here," slapping a big roll of bills on the counter. "How

"How much?"

"Fifteen hundred, if you mean the cost. But I warn you it's too late to sell much—"

"Oh, I'm sure a hustler down home," cheerfully, "and I've a hunch I can move Santa goods tolerable brisk the day before the day. Now let's see, fifteen, with a fair per cent for profit and a little for good will makes it just two thousand. There you are," peeling off another bill or two, and then replacing the roll in his pocket. "Now you've got to throw in your services as clerk for the rest of the day."

"But I can't—" began the dazed shopkeeper. But Impulse was at the door.

"Back right soon," he called. "Be getting the goods ready to handle quick."

Outside, Impulse glanced up and down the street. Half a dozen urchins were playing on the sidewalk, two or three were hanging behind a dray, a newsboy was crying his papers. Other youngsters were dimly seen among pedestrians and street vehicles. Impulse put two fingers into his mouth and blew a blast that would cover a mile on the prairie. At the same time the ~~best~~ *best* ~~best~~ was coming from his pocket with all the coins his fingers could grasp. These were tossed into the air. By the time they had ceased jangling on the sidewalk, fifty more or less grimy little hands were clutching for them.

"Now, you bunch," called Impulse, "just listen to me for a minute. Who's the most no 'count boy in this neighborhood?"

"Crawfish Bobby" answered a voice promptly. "He never stands t'ent, an' carries every cent home to his ma-an."

"And the most unpopular girl?"

There was a short silence, then several of the boys tittered.

"Raggy Sally," said one of them. "She's Peanut Seller Bet's girl, an' when we boys throw mud she fights like a wildcat."

"And gives all of you a mighty good drubbing. I hope," commented Impulse. "Now, boys, the two who bring Crawfish Bobby and Raggy Sally to me get a four-bit piece each, and tell them they'll get another for coming. Now, the lot of you come back, for the show isn't half over."

Ten minutes later, Crawfish Bobby and Raggy Sally stood in front of him. Impulse placed a hand upon a shoulder of each.

"These two are going to be little Santas and give you all a right nice



"Mr. Santa Claus, I Believe Sir," She Began.

present by and by," he called to the rapidly increasing crowd of urchins. "Mind, you'll owe it in part to them. Now stampede into the streets and alleys of the neighborhood and corral every boy and girl you can find, and bring 'em here. Just an hour from now this store'll commence to give out presents, and you'll all get one. Nobody will be missed. Hit the street now, the whole lot of you except these two."

In an hour, the door was thrown open and the rush began, with half a thousand whooping youngsters to make the assault. It was short work, the pilging of the store, and in forty minutes all was over. And then, just as the hilarious present bearers were scattering into every street and alley, an automobile swerved out from the street traffic and stopped at the curb. In it were an old gentleman and a lady and several girls. The gentleman motioned some of the urchins to the

side of the car, where they were questioned as to the extraordinary spectacle. Then a few words passed between the occupants of the car, after which one of the girls alighted and came to the store. Crawfish Bobby and Raggy Sally were just outside the door, with their arms full.

"You're the little Santa's," smiled the young lady, as she took their hands, "and I just know you had a big time." Then she entered the store and went straight to Impulse.

"Mr. Santa Claus, I believe, sir?" she began.

"Why—er—no," stammered Impulse, turning red, "only—er—just as a sort of advance agent, named Impulse—I mean Tommy Dodd."

The girl broke into a ringing laugh. "Impulse! I like that," she cried. "Now, Impulse/Dodd, have you any definite arrangement for the Christmas holidays—any binding engagement, I mean?"

"No-o, nothing except to tramp side-walks and say 'Howdy' to every stranger who'll let me."

"Good! Then there's nothing in the way of our invitation. You see, we're having a houseful of company for the holiday week, and papa and mamma suggested that I ask you. Papa owns a ranch out West, and he says he knows how a stranger must feel in a city at Christmas time, and he thinks a man who can do what you've just done will certainly be an acquisition to our party. And I may add we all feel the same way. You'll come? There is room in our machine."

Impulse nodded. He lacked words fitting to the occasion. A week at a house party! Gee! wouldn't that be stuff to tell the boys at the ranch. Start back the day after Christmas? Who? He? No, siree! That would be rank foolishness. Not till the last gun was fired.

So he walked out to the automobile with the girl, with never a thought of the emptied store behind, or of the beaming, misty-eyed man who could now stock up again without the baleful skeleton of a creditor to glare at him over the goods. And as Dodd entered the automobile, one of the girls afterwards declared that she heard him murmur, "And pulled out a plum," though she could not understand why. It was just one of his funny ways.

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TONIGHT

Tomorrow Alright

NR Tablets stop sick headaches, relieve bilious attacks, tone and regulate the stimulative organs, make you feel fine.

"Better Than Pills For Liver Ills"

Get a 25c. Box. Year Druggist

NOIRMAN DRUG CO.,
Walhalla, S. C.

Rainfall and Temperature.

Below is a record of meteorological observations taken by H. W. Brandt, co-operative observer of the Weather Bureau of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, during the week ending December 10, 1922, at 7 p. m. (The instrumental readings are from government standard instruments exposed in the manner recommended by the chief of the Weather Bureau):

Character of Day.	Date—	Temperature.	
		Highest.	Lowest.
Cloudy	Dec. 4	43	64 49
Cloudy	Dec. 5	43	72 48
Ptly cldy	Dec. 6	42	62 39
Cloudy	Dec. 7	48	55 43
Ptly cldy	Dec. 8	42	72 48
Cloudy	Dec. 9	40	64 48
Cloudy	Dec. 10	41	62 41
Total rainfall		1.24	

Subscribe for The Courier. (Best.)

Seneca Cotton Warehouse

CAPACITY 5,000 BALES

CHARGES

Storage and Insurance, 30c. per month.
Liberal Cash Advances on Stored Cotton.
Interest Rate, 6 Per Cent Per Annum on all New Business.

G. W. GIGNILLIAT, President.

JOHN WANNAMAKER IS NO MORE
Noted Philanthropist and Internationally Known Merchant Dies.

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 14.—The funeral services for John Wannamaker, internationally famous merchant and former Postmaster General, who died here last Tuesday, were held today at 2 o'clock in Bethany Presbyterian church, located in a neighborhood once prosperous, but no longer suggestive of either beauty or wealth or ostentation. In that edifice, which long has been known familiarly both by those who worshipped there, and others, as "John Wannamaker's church," the body of the merchant prince lay in state during the day until the hour of noon. The interment was private, in the family vault in the picturesquely situated cemetery of St. James the Less. Rev. A. Gordon McLennan, pastor of the Bethany church, conducted the services, both in the church and at the vault.

Mr. Wannamaker, who was in his 85th year, had preserved himself in a remarkable manner, actively participating, until a few months ago, in affairs civic, political, industrial and religious, although he had not been in his usual vigorous health the last year. Mr. Wannamaker was identified prominently with the movement to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence with a world exposition in 1916, he having been a leader in the exposition of 1876, which marked the 100th anniversary of the same historic event.

Death Came at 8 O'clock.

The death of the great merchant came at 8 a. m., the hour which for more than half a century saw him at his place of business. The Wannamaker stores in Philadelphia and New York were closed immediately on the announcement of his death and remained closed until after the funeral.

Men prominent in all lines of endeavor joined in expressions of regret at the passing of Mr. Wannamaker, and the tributes came from high and low, the rich and the poor, business associations and from business rivals. President Harding, Governor Sproul, Cardinal Dougherty, Governor-elect Gifford Pinchot and others prominent in the official and religious life of the country paid personal tributes to his life, as did many others who came into contact with his manifold activities.

The Philadelphia public schools closed their sessions on the day of the funeral in memory of Mr. Wannamaker, who, as chairman of the finance committee of the school board, did much in building up the educational system of the city. For the first time in the history of the city the flags on municipal buildings rested at half-mast in honor of a man who did not hold high public office.

Broke Down Month Ago.

Early last month Mr. Wannamaker broke down with a severe cold, contracted at his country estate, "Lyndhurst," in Jenkintown, north of Philadelphia. He was removed to his town home at 2032 Walnut street. The first indication of the grave nature of his illness was two weeks ago, when his three attending physicians began issuing bulletins on the condition of his health. Suddenly it seemed that he had rallied, and there was hope that he might recover. For several days preceding his death his condition was said to be improving.

Mr. Wannamaker was one of the most prominent men in the United States, and was known internationally in business circles. He was at one time Postmaster General of the United States. He was, possibly, best known, however, for his great activity in Sunday school work and for his philanthropy.

To Stop a Cough Quick

take HAYES' HEALING HONEY, a cough medicine which stops the cough by healing the inflamed and irritated tissues.

A box of GROVE'S O-PEN-TRATE SALVE for Chest Colds, Head Colds and Croup is enclosed with every bottle of HAYES' HEALING HONEY. The salve should be rubbed on the chest and throat of children suffering from a Cold or Croup.

The healing effect of Hayes' Healing Honey inside the throat combined with the healing effect of Grove's O-Pen-Trate Salve through the pores of the skin stops a cough.

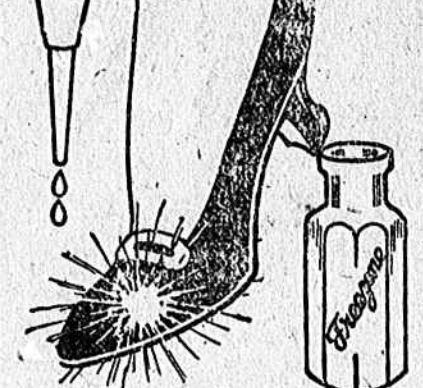
Both remedies are packed in one carton and the cost of the combined treatment is 35c.

Just ask your druggist for HAYES' HEALING HONEY.

Cotton Men to Meet in Richmond.

Richmond, Va., has been chosen as the convention city for 1923 of the American Cotton Manufacturers' Association. The convention will meet in May.

CORNS
Lift Off with Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.—adv.

Journalism School for S. C. Univ.

A dispatch from Columbia says: The board of trustees of the University of South Carolina have voted to establish a school of journalism and traffic engineering at the university. President W. D. Melton was instructed to prepare the curriculum for the two schools. The next Legislature will be asked to provide the money for them.

President Melton reported that there are 686 students at the university, with prospects of 750 by the end of the year. Of these 125 are women.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT AND DISCHARGE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will make application to V. F. Martin, Judge of Probate, for Oconee County, in the State of South Carolina, at his office at Walhalla Court House, on SATURDAY, the 30th day of December, 1922, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, or as soon thereafter as said application can be heard, for leave to make Final Settlement of the Estate of GEORGE M. MCKEE, Deceased, and obtain Final Discharge as Surviving Executor of the said Estate.

JOHN T. MCKEE,
Surviving Executor of the Estate of George M. McKee, Deceased.

Dec. 6, 1922. 49-52

MAKE YOUR TAX RETURNS.

Walhalla, S. C., Dec. 13, 1922.

The Auditor's office will be open to receive returns of Personal Property for taxation, from the 1st day of January, 1923, to the 20th day of February, 1923, inclusive.

The Township Assessors are required by law to list all those who fall to make their returns within the time required by law. Hence the difficulty of delinquents escaping the 50 per cent penalty, as well as the frequency of errors resulting from this practice. By all means make your own returns and thereby save expense and confusion.

All able-bodied men from 21 to 60 years of age are taxable polls, and from 21 to 50 years for road tax.

For the convenience of tax-payers the Auditor or his Deputies will receive returns at the following times and places:

- Jan. 1st—Madison.
- Jan. 2d—Tabor.
- Jan. 3d—South Union.
- Jan. 4th—Fair Play.
- Jan. 5th—Earle's Grove.
- Jan. 6th—Oakway.
- Jan. 8th—Tokeena.
- Jan. 9th—Providence.
- Jan. 10th—Friendship.
- Jan. 11th—Jordania.
- Jan. 12th—Richland.
- Jan. 15th—Newry.
- Jan. 16th—Clemson College.
- Jan. 17th—Adams' Crossing.
- Jan. 18th—High Falls.
- Jan. 19th—Salem.
- Jan. 20th—Little River.
- Jan. 22d—Tamassee.
- Jan. 23d—Mountain Rest.
- Jan. 24th—Whetstone.
- Jan. 25th—Long Creek.
- Jan. 26th—Tugaloo Academy.
- Jan. 29th and 30th—Seneca.
- Jan. 31st and Feb. 1st—Wesminster.

Returns will be taken at all places from 10 o'clock in the morning until 2 o'clock in the afternoon unless otherwise noted.

RALPH M. PIKE,
Auditor, Oconee County, S. C.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

ALL PERSONS are heroby warned not to shoot any birds on lands of the undersigned:

W. R. HUNT,
W. R. CRAIG,
J. S. CARTER,
A. M. BROWN,
W. J. ORR,
R. L. VISSAGE,
E. L. HERNDON,
MRS. ALICE S. DENDY,
J. H. BEATTY.

Nov. 29, 1922. 48-51

NOTICE AS TO FILING COUNTY CLAIMS.

All persons having claims against Oconee County, WHO HAVE NOT ALREADY FILED SAME with the Clerk of the Board, will please present them during the month of DECEMBER, duly itemized and verified under oath. If you have already sent in your claim, however, please do not do so again, as it is unnecessary and also confusing.

J. C. SHOCKLIFY,
Supervisor.

J. B. S. DENDY, Clerk.

Making the First Start.

We all feel sometimes that the amount of money we have is too small to start to save. This is the wrong conception. Make the start with what you have and the balance will be easy.

Large estates have been built from saving small sums.

Start Savings Account To-Day

Our officers and directors are experienced, successful business men. They are always willing to help you with your financial troubles.

We solicit you deposits on Savings or Checking Account.

Prompt services to all business entrusted to us.

Bank of West Union,

Phone 3— West Union, S. C. —Phone 3

WANTED

my friends and the public to know that I have purchased the Stock of Groceries formerly owned by C. A. Bruce, in West End, Seneca, S. C., where I will continue to carry a full line of Fresh Groceries, and in connection with this will also serve

- Real Dinners, 40 Cents -
from 11 A. M. to 3 P. M.

When in Seneca give us a call, get your dinner—but that's not all—buy your Flour, Lard and Meat; we've got just what you need to Eat.

West End, Seneca, S. C. **R. J. SNELGROVE,** West End, Seneca, S. C.